

August 1998 DOCument

DOC Events Calendar 1998.

Date Place Status Planner Controller Organiser
Aug 1 (Sat) Seacliff YODA YODA YODA YODA
Aug 16 Allan's Beach Julie Grant Bunny Rathbone
Sep 13 Street Event
Oct 18 Berwick Forest Jeni Martin
Nov 7-8 Seacliff? Christies Gully? Otago Champs Lindsay Smith
Dec 6 TB Advised Club Relays

Other Events.

Date Club Place
Jul 17-18 Silva NZ Sec Sch Champs New Plymouth
Jul 19 SOC Fosbender Park
Aug 23 SOC Sandy Point (N)
Sep 26-27 PAPO Sth Island & Cant Sch Champs Bottle Lake
Oct 24-25-26 SOC Sandy Point Fosbender Park
Nov 21-22 PAPO Cant Champs Acheron Dalethorpe

DOC Contact People.

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Awards Officer Don Melville 454 2575

NEXT EVENTS.

Vampire - O/ Night - O.

YODA is planning an event at Seacliff on Saturday 1 August.
See YODA section for detailed information.

To get to Seacliff follow Highway 1 north to Evansdale then follow the Coast Road to Seacliff. Turn left up Russell Road and the start is near the old hospital.

The next DOC event is on Sunday August 16 at Allan's Beach with Julie Grant planning and Bunny Rathbone controlling. The start area is at the usual place in the paddock on the right opposite the farm

house.

Start times from 11am until 1pm.

YODA WILL BE BARBEQUING SAUSAGES AND SELLING DRINKS AND CHOCOLATE BARS.

THE PRESIDENT'S THOUGHTS.

Not a lot this month - it's not that I have not had any thoughts, but rather that I have been busy with various other things and time is running out to write this for Jennifer!

However as regards Local Membership, that I wrote about previously, I continue to receive comments in favour of this idea. I have also received comments from both PAPO and Hawke's Bay clubs on their experiences after introducing this option. Both are strongly in favour - membership almost doubled in both cases and a significant number of local members become affiliated to NZOF each year. Copies of the letters from Stuart Payne and Pamela Morrison are available for anyone interested.

Incidentally I take care to use the term "local" and not "social". Social members, as are found in some sports clubs are usually non-participants, the people we have to attract to membership are those who come to events reasonably regularly but do not wish to compete in badge events, and who find the current total subscription excessive for the involvement they have.

It was good to see the Veteran Athletes Club making use of the permanent course at Ross Creek - Geoff Capon produced a very good, simplified black and white map, and most present had an enjoyable run. Jennifer Hudson took the opportunity to introduce a friend to orienteering while I ran solo. Most of the veterans ran in groups with a fair amount of pooling of resources when it came to locating controls! However it was an enjoyable morning - thanks Geoff, and for the donation to the Club. We hope to see one or two at some of our events.

Bob Cunninghame
President

Actually Jennifer ran with a veteran harrier whom she had not met before. (Jennifer- Editor)

DOC MEMBERSHIP LIST.

Please find enclosed an updated 1998 DOC membership list.

DOC FUNDRAISING NIGHT.

When: 4 August at 7.30pm

Where: Southern Rugby Football Club - Helena Street

Teams of up to 6 people.

Donations for Raffles are required.

Volunteers to sell Raffles on the night and to help tidy up after the Quiz are required.

Register Teams and offers to help with Pat Ehrhardt phone 453 4012

YODA - VAMPIRE - O
I Vant Your Blood!!

Vampire - O is just like a Score Event - you have one hour to get a maximum of 26 controls - except you have a mass start (at 4pm on Saturday August 1). Aim for all 26 because then you are safe from the VAMPIRE!

BUT Here's the catch....When everybody gets their cards (at 3.45pm) there is a card with a big "V" on the back, this SECRET person is the VAMPIRE.

The vampire runs the course but does not clip any controls. After 3 minutes, this vampire is able to "tig" anybody and make them the vampire. They swap cards and the first vampire goes on to finish the course. This can happen many times, but be careful - even though you might have already been the vampire you can still become it again!

PRIZES for the first three back with all 26 controls, and the last vampire.

Timetable.

3.45pm Instruction on Vampire - O

4.00pm Mass Start for Vampire - O

5.00pm BBQ

6.00pm First Start for Night - O

Courses close at 9pm.

Price

Family \$15.00

Adult Both \$7.00

Night - O \$5.00

Child Both \$5.00

Night - O \$3.00

Food and hot drinks will be on sale.

LABOUR WEEKEND 3 DAY.

Southland Orienteering Club.

Saturday 24 October 1998. Sandy Point South (new map) - Classic

Intricate coastal sand dune with areas of Pine and Native forest, numerous marshes.

Scale 1:10 000

Sunday 25 October 1998. Sandy Point SIC - Short O's (no chasing start)

Intricate sand dune with areas of Pine forest.

Scale 1:10 000

Monday 26 October 1998. Fosbender Park SIC - Classic

Intricate coastal sand dune with areas of Pine and Native forest.

Scale 1:10 000

Further Information.

Master Map system will be used for all 3 days.

Map marking will not be included in your total race time

No pre-entry is required but an expression of interest would be appreciated.

Either to:

PO Box 6063 Invercargill,

E-mail: mcdfam@southnet.co.nz or

Phone David McDiarmid on (03)217 1081

Entry fees will be advised at a later date

It is proposed that there will be 7 courses for the classic races and 5 for the Short O's.

Start Times(approx):

Day 1 - 12-2pm

Day 2 - 10am and 1pm
Day 3 - 9-11am
More information will be available later.

O-ROSCOPES

By Madame Zena

Aries

You find yourself being a role model. Time spent helping a newcomer is worthwhile - volunteer for some coaching this month. Lucky control: 395

Taurus

A powerful aspect to Mercury will make you especially quick-thinking. Mental and physical activities, and particularly anything that combines both, are favoured. Lucky colour: long red.

Gemini

Someone you have respected in the past is not at their best just now so don't think they still know everything. Trust your own intuition for a change. Lucky shape: Pyramids

Cancer

A favourable aspect to Pluto means you will be able to see better in the dark than usual. Make the most of this opportunity. Lucky event: Seacliff night-O.

Leo

Venus is in your sign at the moment, giving your love-life a boost. You meet someone you fancy in the dunes at Allan's Beach. Lucky map: do you need to ask?

Virgo

Although you have a tendency to lose your direction, you are gradually learning to plan carefully where you are going and how to get there. Lucky colours: orange and white

Libra

You have not really been pulling your weight recently. Volunteer to bring in the controls next time. Lucky number: 4.5 km with 60 m climb.

Scorpio

What you are seeking has been hidden by a nasty-minded person, but you will get your own back on them next time you plan an event. Lucky colour: dark green.

Sagittarius

A powerful aspect to Mars may give you more energy than sense this month. Remember, if you can, to slow down and look around from time to time. Lucky colour: short red.

Capricorn

You have a tendency to bash on through all obstacles, but you make extra difficulties for yourself this way. Try taking the path of least resistance for a change. Lucky colour: white.

Aquarius

It's amazing what you meet out in the forest! You may think you are in luck, but this person's intentions might not be the same as yours. Lucky colour: long yellow.

Pisces

Your careful and precise nature stands you in good stead in a complicated situation. Lucky map: Gladbrook.

THE HEIGHTS OF WINTER ROGAINE HELD AT SCARGILL, NORTH CANTERBURY.

What a prospect - rogaining in winter! The very thought of battling with navigation on a 1:50 000 map while peering through a blizzard, trudging through snow or being pierced with icy rain seemed a daunting prospect for joining in the Heights of Winter Rogaine organised by members of the PAPO club on the last weekend of June. However I did compete, along with others from DOC, adding to the total number of 130 participants. And the day was fine and sunny after rain the previous night so the conditions were perfect.

Having made a commitment to my partner, Trish Faulkner, that we would contest the 4th World Rogaine Champs in January 2000, also being organised by PAPO, it seemed sensible to have a practice to see how we got on together.

For those of you who have not heard about Rogaining before, it's a much longer event than regular orienteering. It's run as a score event, the aim being to visit as many controls as possible in the allotted time span of 6, 12 or 24 hours to make as high a score as possible. This endurance version of orienteering is usually held in high country with a mix of bush and farmland using 1:50000 scale maps. Controls are placed on major geographical features usually visible from 80-100 m away and they have varying points allotted to them depending on difficulty and distance from the central start/finish area called the Hash House. At the Hash House your gear is checked for food and clothing to satisfy the requirements of the organisers and the needs of the competitors.

Preparation to find out if I was capable of at least tramping around for 12 hours non-stop also had to be made. With the aid of From Sea to Silver Peaks, by Graham Bishop and Antony Hamel, I was able to choose five different tramps to do before the event consisting of 7.5 - 8 hour days - I usually got back to the car before 5.50 pm or dark.

It's always a privilege to be allowed to roam at will on other people's property. Bar certain basic requests from farmers and land owners, with orienteering and rogaining you can test yourself against the terrain where few others have been before. The Scargill map got us into the hills and gullies very quickly, where views were majestic but heights of peaks were under 500m. With careful route planning we could stay close to the main ridges, skirting deep gullies, and not go continually up and down. The land was suffering from the effects of the drought last summer and some hillsides were down to bare earth but the short grass made walking and running easier with a faster pace overall.

From our route planning on the day, Trish and I realised we could have done things differently and have learnt a lot that we can put into practice next time. One decision we made was to go back to the Hash House after about 8 hours to have 30 minutes of R&R and hot food supplied by the organisers. Although this was a welcome break, we travelled extra distance going back and coming out again, and next time will take our own thermos of hot food and have our longer break out in the field. We didn't navigate properly in the dark - it was pitch black after 7 pm with the sliver of new moon gone, and only a head lamp to light the way. We learnt that compass bearings need to be taken very carefully and distance estimation made more accurately. Sometimes it wasn't helpful to follow fences or tracks marked on the map as these features had changed in some instances and could be confusing. You will guess that we are hoping for a moonlit night next time. We gained a fair to middling score of 850 points and travelled 30 km to get that but felt quite fresh at the end of the 12 hours. Roll on the next Rogaine! I hope there's more publicity about the next one as I consider it's an event not to be missed.

Bunny Rathbone

LIFE, THE ROGAINE. AND EVERYTHING

Sigh. It's been six months since I've written anything for this fine publication, and the Editor has come knocking again. I was reading over my old DOCUMENTS yesterday, looking for inspiration, reminiscing, and procrastinating on reading about telomeres. I reached the conclusion that I used to be quite good at this sort of thing. Oh, how the mighty have fallen. Sigh.

Enough of the world-weary, whimsical introductions already!

1720, Friday, June 26. A grey Dunedin dusk. Three elite athletes, in prime physical condition OK, OK, now you know I'm lying! But Andy J., Shelly Coleman and I did drive through the rain and the night, first to Oamaru (home of the mighty Jumbo Burger), then to Ashburton (home of the mighty BP station), then to Scargill (home of the mighty "Heights of Winter" 12-Hour Rogaine). I declare Andy's car stereo the winner.

2300. Warm welcome from the organisers. Warm night on the stage of the Scargill Hall.

0645, Saturday, June 27. GET OFF THE STAGE - WE NEED IT FOR THE REGISTRATION. Not quite that loud, but it may as well have been. Where's the coffee?

0900. The organiser, Barry Kershaw, can't pop the champagne cork to start the event. We go anyway. Most of the 55 teams have decided to visit the same control first. Andy takes off after Bruce and Geoff Hunt. Shelly and I mutter about how ominous this is. After the chaos of the first control, we are suddenly behind only Aaron Prince and Keith Murray on our way to a stream bend. Other teams spread out behind.

1000. An hour gone, and so were Aaron and Keith. We'd hit the hills, and were trying to lose two middle-aged guys. Everything on these 1:50000 maps is deceptively big, spurs and gullies included. We rejoin a crowd on a knoll, before heading up and up to our first 100-pointer - the summit of the highest hill they could find. Cruising along a 4WD track, Andy pulls up when his cramp-prone leg twinges. But there's still 10 hours to go! This is not good.... I play "go fetch" at the summit, while Shelly escorts Injured Andy down the other side. Four teams up there at once - I sneak past them by avoiding most of the pine thinnings on the way down. It doesn't take long for them to catch up once we head uphill again. And so it goes on - the hours tick by, teams keep disappearing and reappearing as we make our way through the steep but open high country. I can't believe how fit I feel, Shelly can't believe how there can possibly be so many electric fences on one station, and neither of us can believe Disgruntled Andy's attitude problem. So much for "Go hard or go home."

1348. We break for lunch (or at least a quick sandwich). Back onto the wide open river flats, but Andy is still dragging his feet. I'm left chomping at the bit, but with over 900 points to our credit already, and the biggest hills behind us, it wasn't all bad. The route choice for after lunch: straight up 300m to another 100-point summit, via a 40-point boulder. I'm sure Andy will love that still, we're very conscious of how little daylight there is left.

1405. Time to make hay. We see Bruce and Geoff come storming down the spur we're plodding up. Andy suddenly comes alive and tries to engage them in conversation - not time for too many words, though. Then the cramp kicks in again, and Shelly and I realise he's not behind us on the summit. Downhill from here, buddy. Run into the Foote family team, who don't believe we've got over 1000 points. More the fools them.

1700. After some thick scrub but steady progress through some lower-lying controls, it's back into the hills as night falls. Bag a 20-pointer 10 minutes behind two other mixed teams - are we ahead of them on points? No idea, but it gives us renewed vigour as we don fleeces and head-lamps. The darker it gets, the more energy Invigorated Andy finds. Suddenly it's him in the lead. I'm grateful for the opportunity to conserve a few kilojoules.

1815. In the now complete darkness, we take the very, very long way around to a couple of controls.

Despite Shelly and I getting paranoid about being late, Ambitious Andy wants to stick to our original plan. Suddenly we're on a hillside alive with the lights of at least two other teams, searching in vain for the most vague of re-entrants. Andy's disappeared. I call out, asking if he's found it. He yells back that he hasn't, but there's something in the tone of his voice the sly dog. We hold a conference where we loudly proclaim to all in ear-shot that it was time to give up on it and move on, and try slinking away. Down a track to a farm-house. Iron-Man Andy takes off up the hill - by the time Shelly and I have filled our water bottles courtesy of the bemused-looking farmer, he's back and we're 50 points the richer. Not quite in the spirit of the game, but then have you seen the Soccer World Cup lately?

2000. Two more controls and some very dodgy navigation later, and we're inside the last hour. We figure we've got time for one last 40-point control before we head back to the Hash House for some food. We

carefully pick a route choice to it that involves tracks, fences and nothing else. Shame we're on the wrong track to start with, however! The tiredness and darkness factors combine to ensure that with half an hour left we have absolutely no idea where we are. Though it looks like the road is over that way somewhere.... We abandon all hopes of getting any more points, and strike out for the road. After one last electric fence for Shelly to be shocked by, we make it.

2047. Big finish. Most of the teams are back and the post-race analysis begins. But first, dinner.

2200. The Reading of the Results. Reverse order on and on, and still no mention of our team. DSQ, perhaps? The names of other well-known orienteers are read out like proteins coming off a phenyl superose column (sorry, but it's the experiment I'm halfway through as I write this). The Footes (Feete?), Eccles' and Co. Then into The Top Ten. In 7th place, on a stunning 1610 points - the nearly-all-conquering Coleman-Johnstone-Patrick team. 2nd mixed team, so we're over the moon (in a bone-tired kinda' way). One place behind Michael Wood and Ted van Geldermalsen, two places behind Steve Gurney and 400 points behind the winners, Bruce and Geoff. And the peasants rejoice.

0015, Sunday, June 28. We crash at the house of a friend of Shelly's in Christchurch. Sleep good.

1000. On our way, paying a baby-viewing visit to Jan Davies en route. Not to forget the emotion-charged pilgrimage - nay, home-coming - to the Cookie Time factory. In the car on the way home, I reflect that it was quite brilliant of Andy to slow the pace over the first 8 hours, so that we all had the energy to keep going at a decent pace for the crucial final hours. All in all, then, a worthy challenge and a fantastic event. Who's offering to organise the next one?

I'm getting bored of typing. Don't read about it, just do it (as they say at Nike).
Wayne Patrick.

"MIDWEEK":

"For some, getting lost in the maze of paths around the Ross Creek reservoir has become an art form. Others become irrational when given a map. Some runners do not like a choice of routes. All three statements proved correct during last Sunday's mystery run at Ross Creek. This event, organised by the Otago Veteran Athletes, combined a run with the permanent orienteering course laid out by the Dunedin Orienteering Club.

More than 30 entrants made up 13 teams.....Bob Cunninghame showing his orienteering skills, running solo, fifth on 59 points."

This event was on Sunday 12 July and Bob and Jennifer both participated. Jennifer ran with a 62 year old male veteran harrier who near the end said he had a pace maker and was diabetic! However he was very fit and fast.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL TIT BITS.

Antonia Wood (HVOC) 16th in the World Cup Short Distance Orienteering race in the English Lake District on June 7 1998.

Odin Tellesboe (Norway but DOC for a period last year) 10th in fifth event of the 1998 Park World Tour in Vasteras - Sweden.

Dr Roger Weeks (an Auckland Orienteer) now in Papua New Guinea to give aid to Tsunami survivors where he "expects to perform dozens of amputations".
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JWOC Results
NZ Men's Relay Team 9th

Classic: Karl Dravitski 17. Brent Edwards 21. Fraser Mills 88. Michell Nash 75. Janine Nash 80.
Short O Karl 54. Brent 44.

QUOTES RELEVANT TO ORIENTEERING AND MAPS:

Compiled by Bryan Teahan:

Found on the O-Net. (Abridged-JMH)

-- I'm the navigator. I've got the right to know where I'm going.
(Apollo 7 Astronaut)

-- Hagar: I can't believe it! We're lost in the Black Forest!

Lucky Eddie: We're NOT lost. We're MISPLACED.

(After searching a bit)

Lucky Eddie: I think it's just up here a little more.

Hagar: Wait a minute! This is the same spot we were in an hour ago! That's the same river... that's the same rock...

Same Everything! We've been walking in circles!

I recognise everything here!! This is exactly where we started out!

Lucky Eddie: Well, at least we're not lost.

(Hagar the Horrible)

-- Do you know that every Iranian Soldier carries a piece of sandpaper?

Why?

It's a map.

-- We know where we are going but we don't know where we have been.

(The Road to Nowhere)

-- What an Orienteer thinks when lost:

I wish to be where I was when I knew where I was.

-- The chief purpose of the body is to carry the brain around.

-- Get the basics right and the rest is sure to follow.

-- Being great at Orienteering is one per cent inspiration and ninety nine per cent perspiration.

-- The superior Orienteers use their superior judgement to avoid situations where they have to demonstrate their superior skills.

-- There are two types of Orienteers: those that get fit FROM Orienteering and those that get fit FOR Orienteering.

-- Calvin: 'OK. The map says to turn left at this tree and walk 30 paces.'

Hobbes: '..29..30. What's here?'

Calvin: 'My Map shows a big hole.'

Hobbes then has to start digging a big hole as Calvin looks on.

Hobbes: 'Wouldn't it be faster to make the MAP conform to the YARD?'

Calvin: 'Are you in some sort of hurry?'

(Calvin and Hobbes by Bill Watterson)

-- 'Where do you want to go?'

'I don't know.'

'Well, tell me this then, Am I going in the right direction?'

(Risky Business)

-- A pizza delivery person prided himself on his ability to read a map, choose the best routes and get the pizzas to the homes still hot. However, he was having a problem trying to find a link road between two blocks and drove up and down a road for a while. He finally found the problem. A piece of cheese was stuck on the map and his road was not a road at all.